(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandom* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forfaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-sire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hect. I would they could. (row.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
Vlis. I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Ilion on your Greekish embassie.
Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

Mo

My prophecie is but halfe
For yonder walls that pert
Yon towers, whose wanto
Must kisse their owne feet
Hect. I must not beleeu
There they stand yet, and
The fall of euery Phrigian
A drop of Grecian bloud
And that old common arb
Vlis. So to him we leaue
Most gentle and most vali
After the Generall, I beso
To feast with me, and see
Achil. I shall forestall th
Now *Hector* I haue fed mi
I haue with exact view per
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Hect. Stand faire I pray
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay I haue done a
Achil. Thou art too brie
As I would buie thee, view
Hect. O like a booke of
But ther's more in me then
Why doost thou so oppres
Achil. Tell me you heau
Shall I destroy him: wheth
That I may giue the locall
And make distinct the very
Hectors great spirit flew:
Hect. It would discredit
To answer such a question:
Thinkst thou to catch my l
As to prenominate in nice
Where thou wilt hit me de
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou an Oracl
Ide not beleeue thee. Hence